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**MARTIN WITHERSPOON GARY.**

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The name of Martin Witherspoon Gary, lawyer, patriot, orator, Major-General in the Confederate Army, and leader in the fight to redeem South Carolina from negro and carpetbag misrule, will continue to shine with imperishable lustre as long as the old Palmetto State stands; and every lover of the "Old South" must love "Mart" Gary, who as nearly as any man who ever lived, was typical of its ideals and aspirations.

Edgefield county, South Carolina, has long been a name that stood for that which was Southern; for in it and near it have lived some of the South's great men. This historic county was settled by the best blood of the Old Dominion; for the Pendletons, Randolphs, Strothers, Butlers, Moores, Harrisons, Blands, Johnsons and many other noted Virginia families transplanted their blood into the scions of "old Edgefield's" stock. William H. Crawford, the great Georgia statesman, who narrowly missed the presidency, once lived in Edgefield county; the father of Herschel V. Johnson, the great Georgia orator, was reared in Edgefield county. Robert Toombs and Alexander Stephens, Ben Hill and Howell Cobb were born on the Georgia side, not a great way from the western boundary of this great county. Bonham and Travis, heroes of the Alamo, were Edgefield men. Indeed, this and other parts of upper South Carolina have been called "Little Virginia" from the stock and lineage of the people, among whom were the ancestors of the subject of our sketch.

General Gary was a native of Abbeville county; graduated with honor at Harvard; read law under Chancellor Carroll, one of South Carolina's ablest judges; and finally settled at Edgefield for the practice of his profession.

I shall not speak of his war record, though he was once promoted at the special instance of General Lee—and no man needs any greater honor than that—and rose to be a major-general in our "noble cause" still as dear to us as "the ruby drops that visit our hearts," good Americans as we now are; but I propose to view him as a lawyer and the leader in restoring the government of South Carolina to the people to whom of right it belonged.

While General Gary has been dead over forty years, his law office still stands—a small frame building, rich in memories of the past.

As a court-house lawyer, General Gary was among the best. On the facts of a case he never had a superior in the courts of South Carolina; and as a criminal lawyer, he stood without a peer.

His distinguished nephew, Chief Justice Edgene B. Gary, of the South Carolina supreme court, loved for many excellencies of head and heart, states that General Gary had a wide and thorough knowledge of common law principles, though not as learned in "case law" as some others. He was a "lion" on the facts. I have never known a great lawyer, who was not great on the facts. Many great Fact lawyers, hire lawyers who are simply learned in the law to get up the law for them in cases pending in the courts. No lawyer ever left a greater reputation for successful practice at the Edgefield bar than Gary, though many renowned practitioners and judges have graced it.

In what I shall say, I do not desire to detract from the names of the great men who took part in the "Red-Shirt" movement in South Carolina in 1876; I simply want to do justice to the man who, to use the words of one well qualified to speak, "privately planned and arranged the campaign." Mr. Pike wrote a book called the "Prostrate State" and these words describe our State up to 1877, when the great Hampton was installed as governor. There had been for several years prior to 1876, talks of "fusion and combination" tickets of Democrats and decent Republicans but Gary, in '76, advocated a "straight-out" Democratic ticket led by the immortal Hampton. Gary was the soul and spirit of the movement—he was everywhere and he electrified every true white man with his own indomitable courage, will-power and enthusiasm in the cause of white supremacy and good government. He was in the thickest of the fight; he was resourceful; all turned to him as a leader, and like the "plume of Navarre" he led into the tumult and nothing delighted him more than to look into "the bright face of danger." He was resourceful, defiant, eloquent, daring and powerful. The name of Gary in South Carolina was like that of the great "Ben Hill" of Georgia, a rallying cry in those trying times. No two names in the stormy post-bellum period of the South shine brighter than Hill and Gary—they are in truth the two stars of the first magnitude. The result of the '76 campaign is now history and the "prostrate State"

once more took her proud place among the illustrious sisterhood of States of our great nation. I close this short sketch with a eulogy on General Gary by James R. Randall (author of the war song "Maryland, My Maryland"), editor of the "Chronicle and Constitutionalist," written in April, 1881, shortly after the death of General Gary.

"A few days ago, General M. W. Gary was in Augusta, apparently in the fullness of vigor and health. He is now no more. Our whole community was shocked to hear of his sudden demise, which was as unlooked for as the fate of

'Ships that have gone down at sea  
When Heaven was all tranquility.'

Death, come in whatever shape it will, in infancy, the young morn of life, at middle age, in the twilight of existence, with suddenness or after lingering years of pain, is always mysterious and always pathetic. In the case of General Gary it is peculiarly startling, not merely on account of the violent transition from lusty manhood to a stillness of the heart, but because the life that passed unscathed amid a hundred battles should have yielded to the insidious attack of an acute and almost unheralded disease. We who knew him best and appreciated him most feel most keenly the loss; for while he was stern to his foes, so long as they kept the field in arms, he was loyal and staunch and true to friendship. No knightlier soul ever went forth to the ranks of war than M. W. Gary. No cavalier ever wielded a brighter and better blade in defense of his section and his principles. No braver warrior ever led troops into the thickest of the fray. Few of the glorious men of the South—the men of '61—ever so rapidly and worthily rose from rank to rank until only the loftiest prizes were missed. As he was the idol of his soldiers in war, he was their chosen champion in the angry truce that followed and the peace that came largely through his influence and his leadership. He was nothing of a courtier; therefore the mere baubles of politics were dispensed to others. But to him, more than any one person in South Carolina, is due the exceptional glory of saving that Commonwealth from the 'organized hell' of reconstruction, rescuing civilization from organized barbarism, and making it possible for others to wear and hold the honors of place and preferment that they now enjoy. He was a serious,

determined, energetic man. There was no disguise of his sentiments, which were fixed and ultra; and there was no hesitation in consummating the plans his quick and tenacious judgment approved. He had enormous faith in himself—mis-called vanity—but really the individualism of a strong, undaunted character, which knows its masterful power and has the valor to maintain its hold upon the world. He succeeded as a soldier, as a statesman, as a planter, and as a lawyer. His mind was cultivated, grasping, courageous, self-possessed and as versatile as it was profound. Foibles he had, as all have; but his good qualities far surpassed whatever was imperfect in his nature. He lacked reverence, perhaps, and missed, we think, some of the divinest gifts and blessings; but his natural virtues were rare and radiant. His nobler part will be remembered for many a day in the Palmetto State and in Georgia, and by all whom he ever met. His more earthly frailties will be buried and forgotten. He had one trait of character that proved him to be, at the core, a good man. He was the best of brothers and most affectionate of sons. Beyond even the devotion to his country were his love and care for his mother, and we hold it to be eternally true that no son that loves his mother can be other than a good man, despite any other unfortunate environment. We bid farewell, then, to the hero, the statesman, the orator, the advocate, the patriot, the good, true son of South Carolina, and the pride of Edgefield. May the spring roses bloom upon his grave and the turf rest lightly upon his manly form. The earth will take what is mortal to her embrace. But from the clay there shall arise the imperishable memory of one who scorned to be a hypocrite,—asked only to be painted as he was, and inflexible in honor and truth, bore ‘a bold spirit in a loyal breast.’ ”

C. J. RAMAGE,

President of the South Carolina  
Bar Association.

*Saluda, S. C.*